

LITERARY NOTES.

"The knighthood for Mr. E. T. Cook, though it falls short of his deserts, may be taken as a move in the right direction," says the "Pall Mall." "Only those who have studied the inner workings of politics for the last twenty years know how much courageous independence and healthy candour he has put at the disposal of his party, or how many mistakes it might have avoided had his counsel been adopted. Quite outside politics, however, his fame is secure for his sound contributions to art criticism, and his ungrudging devotion to the memory and work of Ruskin. With ourselves he has a special tie, for he once conducted the 'Pall Mall Gazette' with distinction, and set up literary and professional standards which he has never waived. We must all rejoice in his well-earned honours, and wish him long years to enjoy them."

"More than two hundred American papers, with a combined circulation of over ten million, print daily the 'Lineless Rhymes' of Walt Mason, so that he without doubt has the largest reading public of any writer in the country."

So says the "American Magazine," and quotes this as a sample of the most popular reading in the U.S.A.

In lineless rhyme Mr. Mason tells of a conversation between Charles I. and the headsmen on the scaffold.

"Charles the First, with stately walk, made the journey to the block. As he paced the street along, silence fell upon the throng; from that throng there burst a sigh, for a king was come to die!"

"Charles upon the scaffold stood, in his veins no craver, blood, calm, serene, he viewed the crowd, while the headsmen said aloud:

"'Cheer up, Charles! Smile and sing! Death's a most delightful thing! I will cure your hacking cough when I chop your headpiece off. Headache, toothache—they're a bore. You will never have them more! Cheer up, Charlie, dance and yell! Here's the axe, and all is well!"

"I thought but a humble dub, represent the Sunshine Club, and our motto is worth while: 'Do not Worry—Sing and Smile!'"

"Therefore let us both be gay, as we do our stunt to-day; I to swing the shining axe, you to take a few swift whacks."

"Lumpy-doodle, lumpy-ding, do not worry, smile and sing!"

Surely (says the "Athenæum") one of the most engaging qualities of genius is a frank appreciation of its own merits. "One day it will be said of Heine and me that we were by far the greatest artists of the German language that have ever existed." These are Nietzsche's own words. Now we care very little whether Nietzsche was mad or not, but we do care for the distinction between origin and validity, and we believe that the bludgeon is not the only organ of criticism. But we admit that there is reasonable truth in the dictum, and admit thereby that the translators of Nietzsche have set themselves an almost impossible task. They have performed it with fidelity, and, if the verse translations be excepted, in a manner which is sometimes not unworthy of the original.

Nearly everything important concerning Nietzsche is now accessible to English readers, and in recasting a part of

ing Nietzsche is now accessible to English readers, and in recasting a part of the large life of her brother into a history of his early years, Frau Forster-Nietzsche adds very little to our previous knowledge. Yet "The Young Nietzsche" is a pleasant picture. "The Lonely Nietzsche" is to be the title of a succeeding volume. The year 1836 and the disgusted departure from Bayreuth are justly taken as the end of "the happy prince," as Nietzsche once called himself, and of "the life which has been somewhat plentifully sown with happy accidents." He had once thought that he could have friends and comrades in his war; he had dreamed of "a society of strangers to the age," whose thoughts would be "out of season," and so for all time; he had even drawn up its regulations. In 1873 he and his sister almost bought an ancient castle where "an association of men who would be free from all compromise, who would repudiate all tender forbearance, and would call themselves Destroyers," might live a common life. There was a long lawn for physical exercise, and a cloister for peripatetic instruction was to be built along the walls. The scheme came to nothing, but it distinguishes the early Nietzsche from the solitary man who said, "I attack only those things against which I find no allies, against which I stand alone." The merit of this biography is that it makes clear to us this and the other ideals on the ruins of which Nietzsche built his most enduring work.

One of the earliest of them went without a struggle. The son of a Protestant pastor, he was a religious child, but Schopenhauer and lapse of time prepared the way for the passionate antichrist who quarrelled with his friend Romunde on account of a passing attraction to the Church, and saw in "Parsifal" the extinction of the Wagner of his early love. This transformation was painless, for he tells us he had no sense of sin.

His later ideals were less easy to dislodge. He had once believed that, with Greece, Wagner, and Schopenhauer, he might stir the waters of Acheron; and, when two of his three pillars crumbled away, the intensity of the crisis was greater because the narrowness of Nietzsche's life confined the conflict within a purely intellectual radius.

The issue of a new collected edition of Thomas Hardy's novels gives rise to an appreciation of the author by a writer in the "Academy."

When, having passed the test by which his work is recognised to be fine gold—the touchstone of time—an author arrives at the dignity and honour of a standard

collected edition, it is generally too late in the day to say anything in elucidation of his methods, in praise or condemnation of his style, or in estimation of his value as a contributor to the literature of his time and country. All these things have been taken in hand and thrashed out long ago in the case of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Every paper with any pretensions to literary criticism has given its meed of space to him for many years past; unknown journalists have chattered comfortably and complacently of his "pessimism," echoing with their parrot-cry the opinions that more serious critics, in many cases, were in too much hurry to pronounce; men of weight in the literary world found that whether he had a forlorn "scholarship" or not, here was

world found that whether he had a formulated "philosophy" or not, here was one who stood entirely apart from the "nature-novelist," while describing Nature's methods and processes with an observation that seemed at times almost uncanny in its microscopic keenness, and marshalling her major forces of sun and shower, day and night, summer thunder and winter storm, into a tremendous and intimate relationship with humanity that had never before been so unerringly indicated. And thus, from various pens, qualified and unqualified, the public gained its knowledge of a writer who cared as little as did Meredith for popular acclamation, and who, proceeding as calmly on his chosen way as the author of "Love in the Valley," gave of his best, neither seeking praise nor avoiding blame.

Precisely as opinions seem fairly evenly divided between "The Egoist" and "Diana of the Crossways," when the rather futile but perennial question arises concerning Meredith's "best book," so with Mr. Hardy they part company over "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and "Far from the Madding Crowd." Such debates matter little, save that from them we may safely gather that the four novels mentioned represent their authors, give in finest measure those essential qualities which make them what they are. With "Tess," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "The Return of the Native" (for to me this last volume stands immeasurably before "Jude the Obscure"), one knows all that is greatest in Mr. Hardy's fiction; not only that, but from those books it is possible to set aside the little things that annoy the attentive reader—the spots on the sombre sun of Wessex. All that is greatest—the wonderful, breathless scene of Tess baptizing "Sorrow the Undesired" with her pathetic ritual and her feverish cry: "O merciful God, have pity; have pity upon my poor baby! Heap as much anger as you want to upon me, and welcome; but pity the child!" The terrible interview—love turned to bitterness—between Tess and Angel Clare, whose flames of passion flickered perilously near to extinction under the revelation; the irresistible chatter of the peasants on Bathsheba Everdene's homestead; the swordplay of Sergeant Troy; the exquisite descriptions of Egdon Heath: all these are great, each in its own way.

And the little things that annoy? They are peculiar to Mr. Hardy's style. Angel often talks to Tess in an extraordinary manner. "Here was I," he says, "thinking you a new-sprung child of nature; there were you, the belated seedling of an effete aristocracy!" And his extremely level-headed proposal seems to belie the love that he felt: "I shall soon want to marry, and, being a farmer, you see I shall require for my wife a woman who knows all about the management of farms. Will you be that woman, Tessy?" In the actual passages of description, Mr. Hardy's acute eye for detail will lead him occasionally into a note which seems laboured, as when, in Tess's excitement, "the miniature candle-flame inverted in her eye-pupils shone like a diamond"; and at times his words savour slightly of the vocabulary of the scientist: Lionel Johnson pointed out that phrases containing such words as "zenithal," "nadiral," "monochromatic," "isometric," etc., accurately though they might supply the need of the moment, were not wisely employed from the artist's pen. It would be quite unprofitable to labour this aspect of the Wessex novels; their total impression is scarcely affected thereby. There

of the Wessex novels; their total impression is scarcely affected thereby. There are passages in them which, as long as literature endures, will stand for beauty and dignity; there are chapters compact of the elemental humour born from the contact of men who know each other's lives through and through—a humour which far transcends the superficial specious badinage that passes for wit in many a more learned sphere; there are pages stern and masterful with simple tragedy. And with it all, there is no great faith, no "Reading of Earth" as the Mother, no echo of the thought that came in the quiet demand:—

Into the breast that gives the rose,
Shall I with shuddering fall?

Instead, we find ironic questionings as of one who scans the heavens, suspecting a God whom he cannot see, questionings which reached their acutest, most desperate stage in "The Dynasts" and in some of the short lyrics. "Thou buildst Thy house in space—for what?" sings the ironic Semeichorus of the Yeats.

... like a knitter drowsed
Whose fingers play in skilled unmindfulness.
The Will has woven with an absent heed
Since life first was; and ever will so weave.

That sums up the pervading spirit of the books which he before us in their new array, though it is not strictly applicable to some of Mr. Hardy's other work.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, whose new story, "Lullia France," we recently reviewed, has been at the Republican National Convention and the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, writing her impressions of both political gatherings for a series of metropolitan newspapers. Mrs. Atherton will then go to California, her native State, where she expects to cast her first vote in the November elections. For her literary plans in the near future Mrs. Atherton has three novels in view. One of these will be descriptive of life in early California; another has for its theme the Bohemian movement in Persia; the third will be a story of political life in Washington.

There is an occasional man to be found who is a hero to his valet, and apparently Guy de Maupassant was one. His valet Francois has written his recollections of the master, for whom he had great reverence. Here is one of his anecdotes:—"He came in one day, whistling—a rare occurrence with him, for in ten years I only heard him whistle three times"—and:—"I am very fit," says my master, showing me his arms, "there is strength there, it is but natural, I have done so much rowing and gone in for physical exercises of every sort! And yet my hands have not developed; they have remained small, but that does not prevent my being strong, and when I hold a thing I hold it firmly. And with this chest of mine, I can both breathe freely and bear up against fatigue, which is not the case with all those fancy boatmen. I am ready to show them what I can do, if they will stand up against me; but I rather doubt it. . . . You will bring the water for my shower bath at seven; let it be very cold, for certainly I shall be very hot. Give me a light lunch, but let it be strengthening: two boiled eggs, a grilled steak, French beans, Gruyere

let it be strengthening, two boiled eggs, a grilled steak, French beans, Gruyere cheese, and very hot tea."

In his book on "The Essentials of Poetry," Professor Wilson considers "imagination, reason, and the sense of fact" as three fundamental elements of poetry. He makes admirable use of this threefold foundation. For example, he illustrates the familiar terms Romanticism, Classicism, and Realism by showing how they correspond with his own—"If a correspondence between them and our threefold division of the faculties employed in poetry can be discerned, we shall have made some progress towards definite conceptions. Such a correspondence is revealed by the theory that each of these three tendencies is definable as the predominance of one of the faculties over the other two. Romanticism is the tendency characterised by the predominance of imagination over reason and the sense of fact. Classicism is the tendency characterised by the predominance of reason over imagination and the sense of fact. Realism is the tendency characterised by the predominance of the sense of fact over imagination and reason."

The sale of the second portion of the Huth Library was continued on June 10 in London and the four succeeding days. The following books realised £100 and upwards:—Anthony Corley, *A Fig for Fortune*, 1593, £115. Cosmographie Introductio, 1507, the first issue, £195. John Cripps, *A True Account of the Dying Words of Ockanickon, an Indian King*, 1682, £185. Daniel, *Delia*, with the *Compliment of Rosamond*, 1592, £105. *La Grant Danse Macabre*, Paris, 1501, £270; the same, Troyes, 1528, £220. Dante, *Divina Commedia*, Foligno, 1472, £475; the same, Mantua, 1472, £130; the

same, Jesi, 1472, £380; the same, Florence, 1491, with the nineteen illustrations by Baccio Baldini, after Botticelli, £1,800; the same, Brescia, 1487, £130. Francis Davison, *A Poetical Rapsodie*, 1611, £152. De Bry, *Major and Minor Voyages in Latin and German*, in 32 parts, 1593-1634, £225. Decker, *The Gul's Horne-Booke*, 1609, £175. De Vries, *Korte Historiæ... van verscheydenen Voyagiers*, 1655, £101. *Dialogus Creaturarum Moralizatus*, printed by Gerard Leeu, 1480, £105. *Doctrinal of Sapience*, printed by Caxton, 1489, wanting two leaves, £310. John Dowland, *Lachryme*, 1605, £105. Sir F. Drake, *Expedition Francis Drake in Indias Occidentales*, 1588, £470; *A Summarie and True Discourse of Sir Francis Drake's West Indian Voyage*, 1589, £700; *Sir Francis Drake Revived*, 1826, £102. Michael Drayton, *The Tragicall Legend of Robert, Duke of Normandy*, 1596, £135. Daniel Drouin, *Le Miroir des Rebelles*, 1592, bound in old French black morocco with the monograms of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, £129. Drummond of Hawthornden, *Poems*, 1616, £170; *Forth Feasting*, 1617, £100. Remy Dupuy, *La triumphe et solennelle Entree... de Monsieur Charles, Prince des Espaignes... en sa ville de Bruges*, 1545, £350. A collection of seventeen Dutch black-letter broadsides, connected with the West-Indies and South America, 1624-52, £239. The total of the second portion of the library was £30,169 15s. 6d.

of the library was £30,169 15s. 6d.

The "Athenæum," which is conspicuously fair in its reviews of books, makes these observations about a recent action at law:—"In this age of complaisant reviewers and easy praise authors are naturally irritated when their books receive adverse criticism. Not infrequently they proceed to accuse the reviewer of malice, and the editor who supports his views of mala fides. Such conclusions are, in our experience, seldom supported by any adequate evidence, and they have their dangers. That portion of the press which still cherishes independence should be grateful to the editor of the *Saturday Review* for emphasising this in a court of law this